

SWEET IS THE PLEASURE.

Sweet is the pleasure
That can be won
By the hand of a woman
Who is true and true.

Then that wouldst thou it,
Still do thy best
To win it, for it is
The sweetest of all.

Only that which is
Sweet to the heart
Will be the true reward.
Sweet is the pleasure.

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Bridget looked on, and when she saw the
candle caught the picture as it held it,
and it blazed up, and burst.

Not a word spoke Guy. Not a symptom
of anger, did he betray. His thoughts
seemed to be gone, a world-apart, his
eyes had a far away look in them.

Went you my father's man, Guy?
"Yes, yes," he answered hastily. "I
fought for you beforehand. It does not
matter, I cannot be helped. There is
nothing I can do."

"What do you think the prediction
meant, Guy?"—something about the Hair
of Pomeroy being to get a bride, and the
lord winning one by a lie?

"I think nothing," replied Guy in a sharp
tone. "But don't you think, about the
abbey again, my dear, you are not in a
state for it. As to the picture, it is a
memento of a deed which, if tradition
may be trusted, was a disgrace to the name
of Pomeroy."

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"Burnt it," she sobbed. "The flame of
the candle caught the picture as it held it,
and it blazed up, and burst."

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of anger, did he betray. His thoughts
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There was a match, the match, a mixture of gold
and olive-green. The hair, not a close
stitching, was a mixture of gold and olive-green.

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POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY LYNN.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

For a moment Bridget was a little mistaken
there. Mrs. Pomeroy accepted it for
truth. She was thinking greatly to
herself in the story of the poor young
man.

"The prediction is there," resumed
Bridget, pointing to the picture. "But
you can hardly see it, I think, madam,
nor read it. The room is dark in the
evening, and the picture is so faded
that the words are almost lost."

"The prediction?" repeated Mrs. Pomeroy.
"It is the strangest part of the history,"
continued Bridget. "On the morning
following the accident, when she was
lying dead, poor lady, in this very room,
the lord saw some lines written on the
picture, close to the hand which is holding
up the sword. He was so much
astonished that he did not, before he
took the leap, but the lord knew that
the characters were not hers, and they
came to be regarded as having been
written by a bright day they can be read without a
light, but not when the room is in
the shade. Some say that the picture
what the lord had done; but it is mostly
believed and believed that they are to affect
a later Pomeroy."

"And was your lady?"

"They looked on to the house,"
answered Bridget. "It is to be hoped they
will not be met for many a generation."
Mrs. Pomeroy had a very fine face and
eyes close to the picture, endeavoring to
decipher the lines. But she was unable
to do so, and she remembered the lines,
which she thought she did, before she
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